

HOME!

By Isabel Westover Price.

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Just as they do in the story books, Farmer Levi Drury approached his son on his twenty-first birthday posed and prepared to act the old type, exacting but indulgent parent.

"Justus," he observed smartly, "you know my system; to throw the grown birds out of the home nest to shift for themselves when the time comes. I've done it with your brothers. They've done me proud, too, bless 'em! You're the last. Don't spoil the record."

"No, sir, I won't," asserted Justus, soberly, "but I love the old home."

"Take this \$100," proceeded old Levi, ignoring sentiment and sticking close to hard practical facts. "Make it the nest egg for a home of your own."

So, fortified with more ready cash than he had ever possessed before, a tearful blessing from his mother, and good resolutions and bounding ambition in his heart, Justus Drury started down the road, a dim thought of the big, bustling city with its manifold promises in his heart.

"I've got to see Violet before I go," he told himself.

Violet Moore was the orphan niece of Jabez Lincoln, farmer. It was a poor farm and she was a poor girl. She greeted Justus with the open candor of love and commiserated his departure so much that he went to her uncle.

"Mr. Lincoln," he said manfully, "you know how much Violet and I love one another. I've got a little money. I can surely get work around here somewhere. Consent to our marriage. We are young, industrious, and together we will be supremely happy, while parted all kinds of misadventures may come to us."

"My boy," replied Mr. Lincoln bluntly, "love is impulsive and common sense a sure guide. The day you

earn and own a home of your own, even if it's only a ten by twelve one-room cabin, if Violet's willing to take the risk, I'll give you my blessing."

"That's a bargain!" cried Justus cheerily.

"Oh, Justus!" said Violet fondly, "a log cabin would be a palace to me!"

"I'll do better than that," boasted Justus brightly.

"I know you will. One thing, though, Justus; you are liberal and



"Hey, old pard! That looks good."

good-hearted. Remember, every cent we save now counts."

So timely and true was this, Justus realized, that within an hour he modified his plans as to reaching the city. Whereas he had planned a second class journey, he now decided that freight transit would be good enough. And no eating house extravagance. Justus bought a big bagful of crackers and cheese and went down to the railroad switchyards on a search for free transportation.